

THE GREAT AMERICAN SIN: J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE *Nation*

December 25, 1954

20¢

Behind the Davies Case

National Security And Our Foreign Service

by O. Edmund Clubb

Anti Which Trusts? *Leland E. Traywick*

Chinese in Malaya *T. H. Tan*

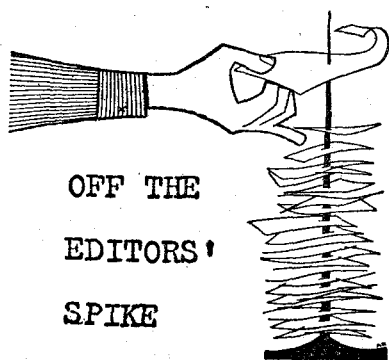
McCarthy Carved to Taste *Dan Gillmor*

Three New Books on Senator Joe

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THE SPIKE is heavy with clips this week. Who financed the last-minute smear campaign against Democratic Senatorial nominees in the Western states? H. R. Cullen, the Texas oil tycoon (see page 552), and his wife gave \$2,500 each to the National Republican Senatorial Committee. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Marshall gave \$2,500 each. Mrs. Marshall is Cullen's daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Arnold gave \$2,500 each. Mrs. Arnold is another Cullen daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Corbin J. Robertson gave \$2,500 each. Mrs. Robertson is still another daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Cullen gave \$2,500 each. Roy is H. R.'s grandson. In Colorado alone the committee spent more than \$20,000 in the smear campaign directed against John Carroll. The campaign director of the National Republican Senatorial Committee is Harold E. Rainville, administrative assistant to Senator Dirksen, chairman of the committee. Other members are Senators Mundt, Bridges, Cordon, Case, Welker, Hickenlooper, Dworshak, and Schoeppel. In the last ten days of the campaign this right-wing clique garnered in \$78,879, most of which was spent in Operation Smear in the West under the direction of Vice-President Nixon and Victor A. Johnston, who managed McCarthy's 1946 campaign in Wisconsin.

- Mention of Mr. Cullen suggests the rather arresting fact that while less than 1 per cent of the population of the United States amassed \$20,000 or more income for the year 1950—the Bureau of Internal Revenue has just released its Statistics of Income for that year—eight individuals reported an adjusted gross income of \$5,000,000 or more. Two were from New York, two from Pennsylvania, and one each from California, Florida, Michigan, and Delaware—not one from Texas. That Texas is so shy of million-dollar incomes is an eloquent comment on the effect of the 27½ per cent depletion allowance, which enables oil tycoons to "write off" the major portion of their annual earnings.

- Syngman Rhee continues to direct "typhoons of abuse" against the United States, accusing us of "misrepresentation" and contending that he is entitled to spend the billion-dollar

aid fund as he sees fit, since it is "at least part conscience money." Every day more and more Koreans find Dr. Rhee about as hard to take as the American personnel have found him. Rhee's Liberal Party's strength has dropped from 135 to 120 seats in the 203-seat National Assembly. In the recent fight over a constitutional amendment to allow the good Dr. Rhee to run for reelection as often as he wishes, the amendment received 135 votes—this was before the latest purge—one less than the required two-thirds' majority. But the Liberal Party announced that 135 votes were sufficient and that was that.

- Our contention (December 4, page 473) that the Department of Justice would clamp down on any news about the circumstances leading up to the murder of William Remington in the Lewisburg penitentiary is amply confirmed by an AP dispatch of December 13 headlined in the press: "Justice Department Won't Talk on Remington."

- Excitement over close races in the election led some readers to think we had overemphasized the factor of apathy. Now Dr. Gallup reports that a majority of adults stayed home on November 2. With an increase of about 4,500,000 in the adult population, relatively more voters avoided the polls than in the mid-term election of 1950. In Los Angeles County 695,822 registered voters failed to vote, a disastrous falling off.

- Can documents and other evidence in the possession of a Senate committee be subpoenaed by a plaintiff who charges the existence of a conspiracy between an employer and the committee's staff to violate his rights under a collective-bargaining agreement? District Judge Charles F. McLaughlin says no, in a ruling made in a suit brought by John Nelson, president of U. E. Local No. 506, in Erie, New York, against General Electric and certain members of the staff of Senator McCarthy's committee. The judge relies on a resolution adopted by a Senate judiciary subcommittee stating that records could not be taken to court. If the ruling stands, the courts will have surrendered still more of the judicial function to Congressional committees.

- Trouble is brewing in California for the K Senators, Knowland and Kuchel, who voted against censuring Senator McCarthy. Top G. O. P. officials there are already extremely worried, fearing that Kuchel, who must run again in 1956, has given the Democrats a winning issue. Even the Los Angeles Times, which has consistently supported McCarthy, now speaks loftily of his "sin of pride" and refers to him in the political past tense. Quick to recognize his mistake, Senator Kuchel recently told the Times that "Senator McCarthy is 100 per cent wrong."

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, next to the *Times* the most important Republican paper in the state, continues to be critical of Senator Knowland.

- Red-baiting is not quite so effective as it used to be if items on this week's spike are any indication. When the Cudahy Packing Company closed down its plant in Sioux City, an imaginative bank teller, sounding off before the Iowa convention of the American Institute of Banking, said it was all the work of a "Communist-inspired" union. The C. I. O. Packinghouse Workers, speaking through Regional Director Russell Bird, threatened to withdraw the accounts of several locals unless the charge were retracted. The teller came through with a handsome apology, published in the local press and carried by the wire services, withdrawing the remark "without reservation." In New York, Marion Edwards was acquitted by a jury of a charge of perjury based on a denial of membership in the Communist Party. Edwards was a key witness in the suit in which Armand Scala was awarded damages of \$5,000 against the Hearst Corporation because of Paul Crouch's libelous charges. The prosecution of Edwards was an obvious attempt to improve Crouch's standing as a professional witness and informer, but curiously enough, the Department of Justice failed to call Crouch as a witness. In Wisconsin an excited lady told the For America Club that Madison was a "hotbed of Communist agents," that every department at the university was honeycombed with agents, and that the *Progressive* magazine followed the "Communist line." Morris Rubin, editor of the *Progressive*, luckily in the audience, promptly wanted to know if he was being called a Communist. "I will call you a leftist," was the prim rejoinder. At the same meeting another excited lady charged that Red agents were responsible for the fact that her car, part of the Wisconsin caravan that traveled to Washington to stand by Joe McCarthy, stalled en route: "I'll always believe the comrades tampered with it." Nor is this all. A replica of a schoolhouse that Senator McCarthy once attended which was being carted to Washington in a truck mysteriously disappeared in Ft. Wayne, Indiana; and who was it that said people no longer believe in witches?

C. McW.

Colonialism

The story of millions of people in the world today who still have no country of their own but who will not long be denied their aspirations to independence.

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EDITORIALS

Arthur Garfield Hays

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

HOW we shall miss Art Hays! Here was one liberal on whom the tag "wishy-washy" could never be pinned. Neither was he cautious, or ambiguous. He gave the idea of liberalism warmth, vitality, élan, even fun when possible. In his political beliefs—or rather his inclinations, for he was agnostic about politics and religion both—he avoided extreme positions. He said, "I would accept for the time being the 'general structure of capitalism,' but I would modify it gradually—I would follow the path of gradualness to mold and transform, not violently to uproot. I would insist 'that gradualness implies action, and is not a polite name for standing still.' " He said this, but he would defend to the last appeal the right of a man to expound a doctrine of revolution, of violent uprooting, for the one thing he would not compromise was his commitment to freedom. At the end of his book "Democracy Works" he wrote, "I shall continue to fight for free speech, free press, free assemblage, and democratic rights with the fervent conviction that progress and civilization demand a society in which men are free to inquire and to differ. . . . Liberty is an end in itself. . . ."

So Art Hays defended the right of Communists to be Communists as firmly as he did the rights of Tennesseans to learn about evolution. And if, as a consequence, he was called a Communist himself, the slander bounced off the armor of self-confidence that was the old-fashioned liberal's best defense against scoundrels and idiots. But he had complete understanding of the situation of those with thinner armor. He knew how the methods of political inquisition could trap, confuse, and bring to ruin innocent people whose past record or economic position or nerves made them vulnerable. As general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union he devoted his immense skill as a defender to the safeguarding of their rights, and thus of the democracy he loved so stubbornly.

He had another characteristic that should be mentioned if only because it is less than common in an area of political action cross-hatched with factional and personal rivalries. He was magnanimous. He did not try to monopolize headlines, honors, credit. He knew how to accept help and counsel, how to turn responsibility over to others. He could not be petty or vindictive in any relationship. This quality sprang, it can be assumed, from the merger of modesty and humor with total self-confidence

that gave Art Hays's personality its particular savor. But with all this he was a tough and supple fighter, as his opponents knew. The list of his battles for civil rights includes the most important of the last quarter-century—the Scopes evolution trial, the Scottsboro boys, Sacco-Vanzetti, the Reichstag Fire trial. But for each of these historic cases were dozens that never made news and to which he gave equally of his skill and attention.

The Nation's editors have every reason, public and private, to grieve at his going. He was a part of our life for a generation—never did he fail to rally to our side when a clear and strong gesture of support was called for. In a time when hate-and-fear vendors cry their wares down all the streets and along all the air waves of the land, Arthur Hays can be badly spared. It remains for us who knew him to bring to the fight for freedom some share of the high-hearted valor it has lost with his going.

The Shape of Things

The President's a Piker

The only items in the President's proposed domestic legislative program that seem designed to bolster the economy are suggestions for a continuance of the public-housing schedule (70,000 additional units in a two-year period) and a ten-year-long national highway program. By any reckoning this is a meager program. Nowadays it is generally agreed that output should expand 3 per cent per annum—some economists say 5 or 6 per cent—if we are to avoid economic stagnation. With 800,000 new recruits entering the labor market each year and with labor productivity continuing to expand, nearly two million new jobs must be provided each year if unemployment is not to increase. And there is, of course, another aspect to the matter. In failing to provide full employment last year, Walter Reuther assures us, the Administration wasted approximately \$30,000,000,000. If all unemployment had been eliminated, enough additional income would have been provided to permit federal social-security payments of \$200 a month and the construction of 500,000 more homes and of hospitals with 250,000 beds, not to mention a doubling of the public outlay for education. The President's economic advisors must have a good deal more daring than they have shown to date if we are to reach the President's goal of a 500-billion-dollar national output by 1964.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

- Arthur Garfield Hays
by Freda Kirchwey 541
- The Shape of Things 541

ARTICLES

- Ninth-Session Highlights
by J. Alvarez del Vayo 543
- National Security and Our Foreign Service
by O. Edmund Clubb 544
- A Great American Sin:
The Society of "Nomadmass"
by J. B. Priestley 547
- Chinese in Malaya:
Anti-Colonialism Comes First
by T. H. Tan 549
- Anti Which Trusts?
The Little Men Suffer
by Leland E. Traywick 550

BOOKS

- Troglodyte, Genus Tejana
by Stanley Walker 552
- McCarthy Carved to Taste
by Dan Gillmor 553
- Hadrian's Rome by Stanley Cooperman 554

- ART by S. Lane Faison, Jr. 555

- THEATER by Harold Clurman 556

- FILMS by Robert Hatch 557

- MUSIC by B. H. Haggin 558

- LETTERS 560

- CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 599
by Frank W. Lewis opposite 560

- OFF THE EDITORS' SPIKE
by C. McW. opposite 541

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Justice or Efficiency?

The main conclusions and recommendations of the recent statement of the American Association for the Advancement of Science on the necessity for revising the security program will be widely applauded, as they deserve to be, but in some respects the report is disappointing. In its main recommendation—that emphasis should be shifted from attempting to conceal scientific secrets to creating "the most favorable circumstances for the advancement of science"—the A. A. A. S. has adopted the measuring devices and values of the efficiency expert or cost accountant. We can "afford the time that goes into the investigatory process itself," we can even justify the "money costs," but "can we afford to have government service become less desirable"? The assumption is made throughout that the test of a security program must be: Does it afford the government the largest measure of return from scientists that is possible without endangering the nation's security? But this is not the basic test. Government owes certain obligations to the individual, whether he is a brilliant, indispensable scientist, a janitor, or a Broadway confidence man. In the last analysis the security of a democratic regime consists in the extent to which its key institutions recognize the basic value of such a society: the worth and dignity of the individual. The A. A. A. S. report ignores this aspect of the problem and accepts without qualification the proposition that "disloyalty," undefined, "is not to be tolerated."

Science and Social Responsibility

Among the distinguished scientists who signed the report one notes the name of Dr. Edward U. Condon, retiring president and chairman of the board of the A. A. A. S. Three days after the statement was issued Dr. Condon resigned as director of research for the Corning Glass Works rather than submit to another security check. Cleared four times, he announced his unwillingness "to continue a potentially indefinite series of reviews and re-reviews" and expressed his lack of confidence in the possibility of "securing a fair and independent judgment" in any review of his latest clearance. Obviously Dr. Condon must have grave doubts concerning the standards by which security is nowadays measured, or he questions the impartiality of the reviewing panel or the fairness of the procedures followed. Whatever his specific reasons, Dr. Condon's remarks point up the serious omissions in the A. A. A. S. statement. Does the board of the A. A. A. S. really believe that the harassment of Dr. Condon and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer is unrelated to partisan politics? The Atomic Scientists of Chicago cite Dr. Condon's case as an example of "political interference" with the security program.

On the same day that Dr. Condon issued his statement the A. A. A. S. refused to accept as an affiliate the Society

for the Social Responsibility of Science, which includes among its members three Nobel Prize physicists—Dr. Einstein, Dr. Max Born, Dr. Hideki Yukawa. The refusal prompted Dr. Victor Paschke, a founder, to remark: "It is a comment on the times that a society dedicated to fostering the social responsibility of scientists has no place in the over-all organization of science."

Curing or Creating Hysteria?

At the request of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, the California Senate Committee on Un-American Activities held hearings earlier this month ostensibly to uncover "Communist infiltration in the medical profession." But it soon became clear that the real reasons were to lay the groundwork for a bill making the licensing of physicians dependent upon a loyalty oath, similar to legislation now being drawn up for lawyers, and to aid the medical association's ultra-

conservative leadership in its fight against prepaid medical-group insurance. The main target at the hearings was the Community Medical Center, which under the presidency of Stephen H. Fritchman, minister of the First Unitarian Church, has for years been providing good medical care for low-income people. Most of the dozen or so witnesses called—practically all of them doctors or nurses—refused to cooperate with what Dr. Thomas L. Perry, a pediatrician, termed the committee's attempt to introduce "politics into the field of medicine." Dr. Frederick Reynolds pointedly remarked that "doctors should cure hysteria rather than create it."

The Citizens' Committee to Defend American Freedoms is helping to mobilize public opinion against the planned legislation, which would deprive many people not only of high-quality medical care at low prices but also of their free choice of a doctor. The latter, ironically, is precisely what the medical association's reactionary leadership maintains it is fighting for.

Ninth-Session Highlights . . by J. Alvarez del Vayo

United Nations

LAST week the General Assembly closed its ninth session, one of the liveliest in recent years. Its highlights—both good and bad—may be summarized as follows:

1. *The adoption of President Eisenhower's atoms-for-peace plan.* While it is true that the resolution finally adopted by the Assembly did not entirely fulfil the hopes aroused by the President's imaginative idea as presented to the U. N. a year ago, nevertheless the results accomplished were more than merely procedural. The final answer to the threat of atomic war lies in making the word "coexistence" a practical political reality instead of a pious attitude. But it must be reckoned as progress that under the resolution nations will contribute fissionable material to an international pool, and scientists and technicians of many nations will cooperate on the peaceful uses of atomic energy instead of putting their talents exclusively at the service of the policy of "mass retaliation."

2. *The increase of cooperation between East and West in certain directions.* This was perhaps most dramatically shown in the later stages of the atoms-for-peace debate and in the final unanimous vote. Andrei Vishinsky,

whose death saddened many at the Assembly, was able to meet a number of Western concessions with concessions of his own. Nor was Soviet conciliation limited to the atomic-energy and disarmament questions; it was also evident in the Kremlin's new disposition to participate in the work of the U. N.'s specialized agencies, including UNESCO and the International Labor Office. That the Soviet Union intends increasingly to concentrate its diplomacy in the U. N., as indicated by Mr. Molotov at the Berlin conference, was amply confirmed at the Assembly's ninth session.

3. *Solidifying of the position of the "neutrals."* The aversion of certain countries—notably India, Indonesia, Burma, the Arab states, a few Latin American republics, and occasionally the Scandinavian nations—to taking sides in the ideological war was again a significant factor. This explains the number of abstentions on some of the more controversial issues which came before the Assembly—Korea, the question of new members, and China's imprisonment of the American fliers.

4. *Solidifying of the common front among the Western Big Three.* Contrary to expectations in some quarters, Britain and France gave impressive demonstrations of solidarity with the

United States on certain issues. Anthony Nutting, successor to Selwyn Lloyd as chief British delegate, defended the American point of view with such eloquence that Assembly President van Kleffens had difficulty in restraining the appreciative public gallery. It was generally agreed that Mr. Nutting even outdid Ambassador Lodge. Another important demonstration of Western solidarity was made by Premier Mendès-France, whose appearance before the General Assembly was one of the sensations of the session. The French Premier denounced as "not serious" the Soviet call for an all-European conference on security, and he left no doubt that he would do all in his power to obtain French ratification of the London and Paris accords on the rearmament of Germany.

5. *The victory of the colonial powers on all colonial and trusteeship questions.* Neither West New Guinea, Morocco, Tunisia, nor Cyprus got very far in its demands for independence or self-determination. Yet while the colonial powers won the votes, the anti-colonials could boast of eloquent spokesmen for a stiffening opposition that will increasingly make itself felt in the U. N. When Sir Percy Spender, in the course of the debate on West New Guinea, cited the

need for taking into account Western military strategy and anti-Communist defense, Krishna Menon of India spoke for most of his fellow-Asians when he said that Eastern areas had too long been regarded "as blockhouses to guard trade routes." No doubt Menon anticipated the position India will take at the meeting of the Colombo powers later this month. One of the main points on the Colombo agenda is the question of an Asia-Africa conference which, if it materializes, may profoundly alter the calculations of the Pentagon, the State Department, and the European colonial powers.

6. *The continued pressure by under-developed countries for international aid.* Despite the opposition of the United States and Britain—an opposition that

was sometimes open, sometimes under cover—minute but measurable progress was made toward the setting up of an international fund from which under-developed countries could draw for the construction of "non-profit" projects. A report on the principles involved in creating such a fund will be ready for the next session. Notable in this connection was the resentment expressed by many normally pro-American delegations at the indifference with which the United States treated not only the fund proposal but most other proposals dealing with economic and social problems, including international treaties dealing with human rights and the covenant on the freedom of information. In the corridors if not on the debating floor these delegates were quick to point out the

contrast between the Americans' apathy on such issues and their fighting spirit on issues involving condemnation of the Communist bloc.

THE ninth session opened in an atmosphere of confidence and hope. Some of the hopes were realized; undoubtedly more would have been had not the final weeks of debate fallen under the shadow of the London and Paris agreements. A particularly disturbing note at the session's end was Moscow's inevitable warning to Paris that ratification of the agreements on Germany would mean the automatic cancelation of the Franco-Russian Treaty of Friendship of 1944. It was not with unalloyed joy that the delegates departed for their homes to celebrate Christmas.

NATIONAL SECURITY

And Our Foreign Service . . by O. Edmund Clubb

GRAVE doubts have been cast in recent years on the integrity and capacity of our foreign-affairs machinery. The summary discharge of John P. Davies from the Foreign Service—under charges initiated in 1951 during a Democratic Administration and found insufficient by eight hearing boards—on the ground that he lacked "judgment, discretion, and reliability" some four Secretaries of State ago, raises those doubts once more. Is something fundamentally wrong with the United States Foreign Service? Or is it the innocent victim of circumstances?

When it is so obviously an easy stumble from a patch of earth like Dienbienphu or Quemoy to H-bomb warfare, all can appreciate the importance of the Foreign Service's role. Its officers represent the government abroad and are charged with keeping it informed of developments "speedily, accurately, and with absolute impartiality"—to use the words of Cordell Hull. This function

now stands impaired. Five distinguished American diplomats in January wrote to Secretary of State Dulles that attacks on the loyalty and morals of Foreign Service personnel had led to "sinister results," and that the situation had become "a threat to national security." They asserted further that, given the present approach to the problem of security in the Foreign Service, "it is relevant to inquire whether we are not laying the foundations of a Foreign Service competent to serve a totalitarian government rather than the government of the United States as we have heretofore known it."

What kind of Foreign Service do we want? The history of the question helps clarify the matter. It was President Theodore Roosevelt who began the arduous work of removing the diplomatic and consular services from politics and the spoils system. After a prolonged patching process, the 1924 Rogers Act thoroughly reconstructed the two branches and welded them into a single career Foreign Service. Thereafter Foreign Service officers comprised all permanent officers below the grade of

Minister, "all of whom are subject to promotion on merit"; and all appointments to the service were to "be made by and with the consent of the Senate."

Only after successfully passing through a stringent selection procedure did the Foreign Service candidate receive a Presidential commission which, "reposing special trust and confidence in [his] Integrity, Prudence, and Ability," authorized and empowered him to have and to hold his office, "and to exercise and enjoy all the rights, privileges, and immunities thereunto appertaining, during the pleasure of the President of the United States." The Foreign Service did not offer big money. The rewards lay in a career of service, interest, and prestige.

But things changed after the Coolidge Administration. The State Department of 1928 had an annual budget of some \$10,000,000 for itself and the Foreign Service together. Under the international stresses of the 1930's and World War II, however, the department particularly underwent a rapid growth, as noted in the Hoover Commission's report of 1949: "The State Department itself in terms of appropriations is twelve

O. EDMUND CLUBB became a Foreign Service officer in 1928 and served the government in that capacity for more than twenty-three years.

times larger and in terms of personnel almost five times larger in 1948 than it was in 1938." In the nature of things, an organizational colossus develops mechanical responses to both external situations and its own personnel administration. The unbalanced growth of the State Department led both to structural weaknesses that were the subject of concern to the Hoover Commission and to fractures in personnel relations.

A POLITICAL danger hovered in the offing. The Hoover Commission noted as regards cooperation between the federal executive and legislative branches that "one particular obstacle which should be frankly faced is the traditionally suspicious attitude of the Congress toward foreign affairs and toward the segment of the executive branch concerned with it." One of the reasons adduced by the commission for this suspicion was that the State Department, being a channel for foreign relations, in a sense represents foreigners; another was that the conduct of foreign affairs is of necessity on a confidential or secret basis—a circumstance resented by Congress.

Post-war events conspired to stir up that suspicion. American policies of 1944-45 had been predicated upon the comfortable assumption that a period of international peace and cooperation would follow victory. After V-J Day, it was discovered that international conflicts were still with us—and that, more particularly, international communism was spying on cherished American secrets. The Canadian spy case of 1945 was an alert to subversion from within. Although that same case demonstrated that disloyalty was a phenomenon not necessarily restricted to one section of the population and might even involve legislators, Congressional suspicion focused on the government's executive branch.

President Truman duly issued his initial loyalty order of March 21, 1947. It was carefully worded, providing that for debarment from federal employment "all the evidence" must show "reasonable grounds . . . for belief that the person involved is disloyal to the government of the United States." (By Public Law 733 of 1950, the new order of things was made to embrace security as well.) But foreign developments further

worked on domestic fears. The Communist seizure of power in China dispelled a fond American dream of an ever-friendly China. The alliance between a stridently anti-American "New China" and the U. S. S. R. caused real apprehension, which was aggravated by a dawning realization that we had been over-hasty in our "crash" demobilization.

In January, 1950, there occurred one of those unforeseeable events that sometimes prove so fateful. Former State Department official Alger Hiss was convicted of perjury. Beyond the technicality, Hiss had in effect stood in the dock of American opinion charged with treason. On trial with him had been the loyalty of all State Department and Foreign Service officers of whatever rank, according to the inescapable theorem that "if Alger Hiss, with his background and his friends, could betray, *anybody* might be a traitor." On February 4, 1950, it was disclosed in addition that the naturalized British subject Klaus Fuchs had long been delivering atomic secrets to Soviet agents. The U. S. S. R.'s 1949 A-bomb blast acquired a sinister significance;

hidden machinations seemed to become a possible explanation of the "incomprehensible" upset in far-off China.

IT WAS perceived in various quarters that politically useful deductions could possibly be drawn from the concatenation of jarring international developments and the furor of controversy blowing up about "spies in government." On February 9, 1950, "McCarthyism" was born, in the Wisconsin Senator's Wheeling speech in which he alleged that there were 205 "members of the Communist Party" in the State Department, "still working and shaping policy." Afterward McCarthy juggled the original number to read 81, 57, "over 200," and then 26, but he did not swerve from the sensational course fixed on that memorable day—not even when a committee of his peers held that he had been guilty of a "fraud and a hoax." The seeds of distrust had in any event been widely sown, and the integrity of the United States foreign-affairs agencies brought into question.

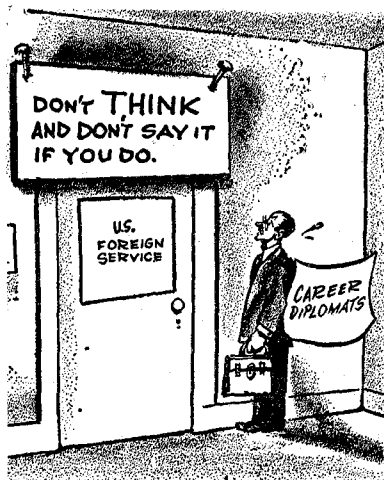
If anything, the 1950 election cam-



"I hear there's something wrong with your morale."

December 25, 1954

545



Walt Partymiller in the York (Pa.)
Gazette and Daily

Meaning of the Davies Case?

paign entangled foreign affairs even more with domestic politics. Political passions were exacerbated rather than calmed by the MacArthur hearing of the following spring. And on April 7, 1951, McCarthy laid down a new standard for measuring disloyalty when he asserted that "it is high treason to refuse MacArthur permission to use Chinese Nationalist troops." On June 14 McCarthy charged former Secretary of State George C. Marshall with conspiracy, at the same time propounding the witch-hunter's ritualistic question: "How can we account for our present situation unless we believe that men high in this government are concerted to deliver us to disaster?" He adhered to pattern in his answer to the staggering conundrum: "The President is not master in his own house. Those who are master there not only have a desire to protect the sappers and miners. They could not do otherwise. They themselves are not free. They belong to a larger conspiracy, the worldwide web of which has been spun from Moscow."

This was the old, twisted ratiocination that has always led the primitive-minded to offer up a scapegoat in sacrifice for unpalatable events. A handful of American Far Eastern experts by this tortured thought process were found guilty of the latest Chinese revolution. There have been no charges—to date—that American diplomats betrayed the British Conservative government to the Labor Party in 1945, Czar Nicholas II to Lenin and Trotsky in 1917, or the Manchu throne to the Chinese rebels in 1911. But problems relating to contemporary China be-

came inextricably bound up with extravagant fears of Communist agents in high places in government. It was no accident that the Foreign Service officers hit hardest at the beginning of the anti-State Department campaign belonged to the China service.

WITH popular distrust of public servants whipped to a high pitch, President Truman on April 28, 1951, issued a new Executive Order changing the original standard for loyalty judgments. No longer was it necessary to establish *disloyalty*; instead, it had only to be shown "that, on all the evidence, there is reasonable doubt as to the loyalty of the person involved." The security standard was unaltered, but President Eisenhower's Executive Order of April 27, 1953, extended the principle to its logical conclusion. Thereafter induction and retention in federal employment were dependent upon its being determined and periodically reestablished that such employment was "clearly consistent with the interests of national security."

From the inception of the loyalty program in 1947 the employee lacked the democratic privilege of confronting his accusers or even of learning their identity. Nor could he demand to know on what evidence the loyalty board based its case against him. Thus "faceless informers" of any persuasion or motives could attack the public official with impunity. Since April, 1953, the employee's situation has been even worse. He no longer possesses the right to a hearing or to appeal to an independent review board. He may be found unsuitable if investigations disclose information relating to "any behavior, activities, or associations which tend to show that the individual is not reliable or trustworthy." The possibility that some sin is left unlisted is provided for by the qualification that information developed through investigations—going back to school days—"shall not be limited" to the specific areas that were covered in the order.

The existing procedures work special hardship on the Foreign Service, which perforce operates in foreign countries and "un-American" political climates. The Foreign Service officer, not cast originally as a plaster saint, suddenly finds himself accountable for an undefined orthodoxy to new police and secu-

rity officers who are alike ignorant of his functions. When the world is the stage, a meeting of minds is rendered doubly difficult, and it is all too easy for the investigator obsessed with "total security" to suspect, when baffled by a complicated personality, that danger *might* lurk in unpenetrated areas. Changes in the foreign or domestic scene may at any time endanger a personal status that seemed before to stand like a rock. Nor does the ban on double jeopardy protect: the employee must be cleared periodically to the end of his career—possibly even of the same charges. The ultimate in uncertainty and instability has been introduced into a "career" service.

In a prize-winning essay on The Utility of a Trained and Permanent Foreign Service, Foreign Service officer George V. Allen observed in 1936 that "without this [permanent] basis as an incentive, the Foreign Service would not often attract men endowed by nature with the ability to succeed in life and therefore able to choose their own careers. No matter how alluring the opportunities of the service might be for the achievement of glory and fame, few young men would desire to enter it if their careers might be blasted at any moment by a dismissal having no con-

Mr. Davies Speaks

That sense of personal security is pretty far gone, I think, in the Foreign Service. One [reason] is that the Foreign Service, along with the State Department, has in recent years been reorganized so many times that the individual is not sure what his position is going to be next year. The second problem grows out of the rise of the Communist threat and subversion within the government. [This] became a political issue, and the Foreign Service came under very unjustified attack . . . [which] was extremely damaging to the morale of loyal members. In our experimental approach to dealing with this menace we have had to take measures which in my opinion are dubiously grounded in the American tradition . . . a man is constantly under the compulsion to demonstrate that he is innocent. . . . I think a prudent young man would enter the Foreign Service knowing another trade.—John Paton Davies on the N. B. C.-TV show "Background," broadcast December 12.

nection with efficiency and depending merely upon the capricious winds of politics."

The same concept is present in the Hoover Commission's recommendation that one of the State Department's principal duties under Presidential direction should be to "recruit and maintain personnel adequate for its tasks at home and abroad, protected as a career service by tradition as well as law from invasion by political or other demoralizing influence." But the Foreign Service has not in fact been protected against "invasion by political or other demoralizing influence." The Foreign Service officer lacks the support due him as one who has made a vital service his career; the government does not show him the special "trust and confidence" voiced in his commission. Top-to-bottom loyalty has failed him.

WE NOW face the cumulated consequences. Walter Lippmann on May 24 of this year spoke pungently on the subject. Existing errors in our foreign policy go uncorrected, he asserted, because "the State Department is a paralyzed instrument of policy. It is a bureaucracy intimidated by demagogues." The Wriston committee, which had been charged with studying *inter alia* "public confidence

and personnel morale" in respect to the Foreign Service, in its June report listed the government's security program as one cause of declining morale and observed that "if the security program is to achieve its true purpose of protecting the government and the American way of life, it must be so administered that it does not impair the things it is designed to preserve." The Sixth American Assembly, meeting at Arden House, New York, declared in a report of October 10 that "above all, the loyalty-security program must be taken out of partisan politics."

The Wriston committee cited the absence of strong administrative leadership and conflicting "and often inequitable" personnel policies as other causes of low service morale—a reference to the executive branch's primary responsibility for maintaining an effective Foreign Service. But there is another aspect. Congress formulated the laws governing the creation, growth, and functioning of the Foreign Service; through the Senate it has approved the appointment of every officer; and yet it has not acted to curb the recent embroilment of the service in politics in contravention of the spirit of the Rogers Act.

Two of the American Assembly's recommendations for the protection of

the federal career service from involvement in partisanship met this issue as follows: department heads should assume full responsibility for voicing departmental policies before Congressional committees; and "members of Congress should assist in establishing the position of the higher civil servants by directing their questions on policies and the formulation of policies to political policy-making officials and by respecting the role of the higher civil servants."

The American Assembly warns that "as a people we can no longer afford the luxury of uninformed and unreasoning depreciation of public employees." From the ousting of General Joseph W. Stilwell to the sacking of John P. Davies wrangles regarding the "China question" have wasted experienced, loyal personnel who should have been apart from domestic controversy. A foreign service should be in condition to act as a country's first line of defense. The United States Foreign Service today stands with its lines breached, from the rear. It is evident that it will require the combined efforts of the legislative and executive branches to restore confidence and order and thus safeguard a career Foreign Service from "the capricious winds of politics" and from a dangerous, sterile mediocrity besides.

A GREAT AMERICAN SIN

The Society of "Nomadmass" . . by J. B. Priestley

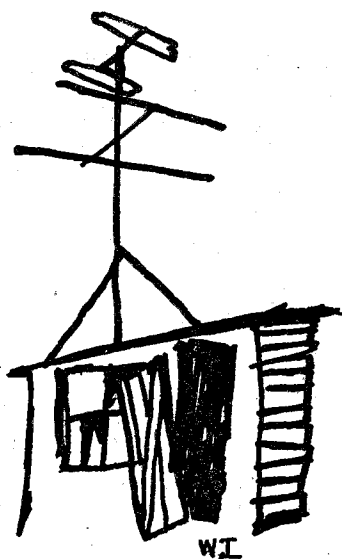
BUT what is *Nomadmass*? First, you must understand that my private name for the new society we have created, out of mass production, mass communication, mass values, high-pressure salesmanship and advertising, is *Admass*. That part of *Admass* which appears to be entirely dominated by the internal-combustion engine I call *Nomadmass*. It is the land of the new nomads. It con-

J. B. PRIESTLEY, noted British novelist and playwright, has just spent several weeks wandering through the United States.

sists of roads lined with gas stations, motels, trailer courts, shops filled with packaged goods, eating places called Pig 'n' Loaf or Chuck Wagon, all serving the same tired food, drive-in restaurants, drive-in movie theaters, drive-in banks, drive-in everything. Once in *Nomadmass* you hardly ever get out of your car. The tuneless gipsies of the machine age go wandering there, month after month, year after year. They can go where they please, but nothing except the temperature can change very much, for they are always in *Nomadmass*, eating and drinking the

same things, watching the same television programs that tell them to eat and drink those things. A man is free at last of the office or warehouse, draws his pension, and off he goes, with his smiling wife, into *Nomadmass*. His grandparents left their homes to break the prairie. He goes to break the monotony. But always he arrives in *Nomadmass*.

There is a fine stretch of it, I noticed, between Dallas and Fort Worth. But there you find some little chapels among the gas stations and trailer courts, some Bible texts among the advertisements. One of the largest of these reminded us



that "The Wages of Sin is Death but the Gift of God is Eternal Life." And let no reader imagine, at this point, that I have quoted that text in order to jeer at it. I believe it to be true, and I was glad to see it there. I felt that it might well have been repeated, perhaps in larger and larger lettering, every mile or two. Even outside *Nomadmass* we need that sharp reminder. In *Nomadmass* it is as urgent as a fire alarm. But of course you must understand what it means. And I doubt if the people who put up that bold notice did know what it meant. They were ready to preach a sermon at me, it seems; so now I will preach one at them.

It is possible, as I am sure they believe, that the "sin" means murder, theft, fornication, drunkenness, playing cards on Sunday—or playing cards at all. But the context, I suggest, indicates that something else might be meant. The sin that leads to death might be outside the familiar category of offenses. This is all the more likely when it is placed in such contrast to God's gift of "eternal life." For what is this "eternal life"? It is not simply everlasting life—time running on and on and on. Could an unending existence in *Nomadmass*, perhaps with millions of miles of gas stations and trailer courts and drive-in movies, be God's gift? Certainly not. Eternity is outside time. It involves another dimension of things. Eternal life is life outside the three dimensions of space and the fourth dimension that we call time, that one-way track from the cradle to the grave. All noble living, the ecstasy of love, the compassion and understanding that enter into every genuine personal relationship, the creation and rapt

appreciation of great art, the adventures of the mind among significant ideas demand this unknown dimension, this timeless being. Every heightened state of consciousness involves eternity. The more we are enslaved by time, behaving like a hen hypnotized by a straight line drawn before it, the farther we are from eternal life. We are in fact rejecting God's gift.

The "sin" therefore may be something more than breaking the familiar code of ethics. A man may directly hurt nobody and yet be guilty of this sin. It may represent a diminishing and blunting of consciousness. The sinner here may be a man who has a dull and cloudy mind and makes no attempt to clear it, to think for himself, to feel keenly and freshly, to enlarge his experience. The death which is the wages of this sin does not necessarily mean the grave. Men who respond less and less to life, behaving more like automata than living spirits, are dying every day and may be dead, in the spirit, long before the earth is shoveled on their coffins. Even to reply more and more feebly and grudgingly to the challenge of the senses is a form of dying. This does not apply to the deliberate ascetic, who is most sharply aware of his senses while doing battle with them. A hermit in the desert, tortured by visions of women, feasts, and wine, is more vitally sensuous than the average man, lost in a glum routine of sensuality. It is the man whose sensibility, on all levels, is becoming more and more blunted who is on his way to death. No longer sharply aware of real life, the slave of automatic reactions, lost in duller and duller routine, incapable of a new thought or fresh feeling, such a man exists in a world that is rapidly diminishing and growing grayer and dustier. He might almost be said to be walling himself up. He is paying himself the wages of this sin, which may indeed be the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost. A spirit must not turn itself into a machine: this is the great betrayal.

NOW let us look at *Nomadmass*, where we found this text so prominently displayed, in the light of our interpretation of its meaning. Would what he found in *Nomadmass* encourage a man to avoid this "sin" and to welcome God's gift of "eternal life"? Between

these endless friezes of filling stations, motels, trailer courts, supermarkets, juke-box bars, drive-in restaurants and movie theaters, radio and television sets, always the same everywhere, will a man be inspired to live adventurously and nobly in the spirit, in the timeless part of himself, or will he become the slave of time and routine and take the wages that are death? This is a question I can pose but cannot answer with any certainty, for I am a stranger to this way of living and do not know intimately anybody who is familiar with it. I can only guess. And my guess is that it is useless to spend time and money putting up such reminders of ancient wisdom unless they are accompanied by warnings against *Nomadmass* itself, and indeed against the *Admass*, the form of society we are now all so busy creating, of which this internal-combustion-engine style of living is a part. It seems to me that you can enjoy *Admass*, for what it is worth, or you can turn to religion, but that you cannot possibly do both at the same time. If "Genesis" is right, then the Tower of Babel is wrong.

For this reason I regard with the profoundest skepticism those so-called religious personalities who have made themselves so much at home in *Admass* and know how to make use of all its devices. Those prophets who have elaborate public-relations organizations, a fine microphone manner, a television program, a useful tie-in with the popular press and the films, seem to me false prophets. The religion that comes out of ballyhoo is not true religion at all, merely so much sentimental juggling with symbols that have lost their real meaning and force. Eternal life cannot be found in or through *Admass*, which is essentially irreligious, rooted in the belief that God has no gift for men.

Time is the master of *Admass*. The timeless soul has no status there. Every man recognized as a noble spirit—and, thank heaven, we are not yet entirely beyond such recognition—has refused to accept *Admass*, is forever rebelling against it. On the other hand, men who do accept it, with the intellect if not with the heart and the whole mind, pile up in secret such frustration and despair that no enterprise is too menacing, lunatic, desperately irreligious, for them. Hence the hydrogen bomb and the plans for biological warfare, which could only be

conceived in a society like *Admass*. Here again, in a fashion that the most foolish can understand, the wages of sin is death, the suicide of a whole society. Let us agree that such wholesale self-

destruction may be avoided, that we have still time to escape turning the world of Western man into a smoking ruin. There still remains the death by inches that comes from the refusal of

God's Gift of Eternal Life. And now, dear brethren of *Nomadmass*, you may drive in or drive on, my sermon on the text you showed me being at an end.

CHINESE IN MALAYA

Anti-Colonialism Comes First . . by T. H. Tan

[With the emergence of Communist China as a world power, the problem of the "overseas" Chinese—the huge Chinese minorities in many areas of the world, particularly in Southeast Asia—assumes new importance. This is the first of a series of articles on the subject. The author, a distinguished Malayan journalist, is secretary of the Malayan Chinese Association. In an early issue of The Nation a long-time European resident of Thailand will deal with the Chinese community in that country.]

Kuala Lumpur, Malaya

TIME was when Malaya, southeastern appendage of the continent of Asia, was at peace—with itself and the rest of the world. Its tranquillity was not disturbed even when the great revolutionary leader, Sun Yat-sen, sought refuge and help in Singapore in the early years of this century.

The first political stirrings in Singapore were expressed in anti-Japanese slogans; later, when the Japanese invaded China in 1937, there was dirt-smearing and ear-cutting. The Kuomintang Party was then practically the only political organization in Malaya. The stirrings were of course put down when the Japanese invaded the peninsula, and Kuomintang members were savagely punished. Such interest in politics as persisted went completely underground during the occupation; yet it was the presence of the invaders and their maltreatment of the population that roused the Malaysians' national spirit. Since the war the success of nationalism in Indonesia, Burma, the Philippines, India, and Ceylon has fostered this spirit. Today, Malaysians feel keenly their inferior position in the midst of neighbors that were once

the colonies of Britain, the United States, and Holland but are now independent.

Politics in the peninsula today are concerned less with specific ideologies—all parties subscribe to democratic principles—than with winning independence. Most parties are organized on communal lines. In the Federation the two leading parties are the Malayan Chinese Association (M. C. A.) with a membership of 230,000 Chinese, and the United Malay National Organization (U. M. N. O.), with a membership of 150,000 Malays. In Singapore the Progressives are the major party. Being non-communal they have no more than 10,000 members in a city of over a million people. The non-communal Party Negara (National Party) of the Federation of Malaya cannot count on the support of even this number in a country of 5,000,000. Party Negara will apparently supersede the Independence of Malaya Party, another non-communal party that has seen better days.

TO understand the Malayan political situation one should know the history of the leading parties. The U. M. N. O. came into being in 1946 when the Malays felt it necessary to rally public opinion against the creation of the Malayan Union immediately after the Japanese surrender. The M. C. A. was formed soon after the outbreak of Communist violence in the Federation for the purpose of organizing the Chinese against the Communist bandits in the jungle. Since the two parties have the common objective of saving the country from communism, they have now merged in a so-called Alliance and are demanding national elections as the first step toward the promised goal of independ-

ence. (The Federation of Malaya Agreement of 1948 states: "Whereas it is the desire of His Majesty and Their Highnesses that progress should be made toward eventual self-government, and as a first step to that end, His Majesty and Their Highnesses have agreed that, as soon as circumstances and local conditions will permit, legislation should be introduced for the election of members to the several legislatures to be established pursuant to this agreement.")

The parties have been cooperating so successfully that they recently sent a joint delegation to London to negotiate for what would amount to the "first instalment of self-government." The delegation asked that the people of the Federation be given proper representation in the legislature through being permitted to elect three-fifths of the members of the Federal Legislative Council. That the Alliance is prepared to accept a partially elected legislature shows how moderate are its demands.

Unfortunately, its fight for self-government is being carried on against a backdrop of intrigue. Just when Malays and Chinese were cooperating earnestly in the political field, a secret meeting of high British officials and a "prime minister" (*Mentri Besar*, a Malay word meaning literally big minister) of Perak took place aboard a launch in the Perak River. What agreements were made are the secret of those present. But one thing emerged: the same minister became first leader of the National Conference sponsored by the "prime ministers" of all the federated Malay states. The conference was described as a "unity" conference, but it was boycotted by the U. M. N. O. and the M. C. A. as having been called to forestall their own National Conven-

tion. Its alleged aim was to work for the political independence of the Federation, but its blueprint for "independence" included a wholly appointed, not an elected, Legislative Council.

Adding confusion to intrigue, other political parties—the Malayan Indian Congress, which is the biggest Indian party, and the Labor Party of Malaya, which is not strictly labor in make-up—while joining the Alliance in demanding that at least three-fifths of the members of the Legislative Council be elected, have their own objectives. The Malayan Indian Congress has asked that ten seats in the Council be reserved for Indians; the Labor Party wants a fully elected Council at once.

Party Negara, offspring of the National Conference, instead of subscribing to its blueprint for a wholly appointed Council, first backed a proposal for an elected minority in the Council and then supported the British government's plan for an elected majority of only six members. This seems to prove that Party Negara is led by government stooges.

The Alliance has fought on relentlessly. When its negotiations in London and in Kuala Lumpur, the Federation's capital, broke down, it ordered all its members to withdraw from participation in the government at any level, from the Federal Council to town boards. This action so affected administrative efficiency that the government offered a

compromise which would virtually mean a three-fifths-elected Council. This was accepted by the Alliance.

The Alliance is now concentrating on a program on which to contest the next national elections, to be held probably in June, 1955. In elections already held it has won nearly 90 per cent of the seats and is expected to repeat this feat. In Singapore, where 75 per cent of the seats in the Legislative Council will be voted on, the Progressive Party, up to now cock of the walk in Singapore politics, is likely to be seriously challenged by the U. M. N. O.-M. C. A. Alliance. Internal dissension has weakened the Labor Party, and it cannot offer serious opposition to the Progressives.

ANTI WHICH TRUSTS?

The Little Men Suffer . . by Leland E. Traywick

SOME of the most penetrating analyses of the economic health of the nation are to be found in the unpublicized reports of the Federal Trade Commission dealing with the growing concentration of economic power. The 1947 report, however, fell on the deaf ears of the "do nothing" Eightieth Congress. The one published this year seems destined to be similarly ignored. Mr. Brownell is apparently not interested. The Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice has its own methods of dealing with the problem of monopoly. One is to use a series of consent decrees instead of divorcement, divestiture, and dissolution proceedings; a second is to resurrect the old rule of reason as a basis for legal decisions; a third is to prosecute only the "hard-core violations." We are told there are to be no "borderline" cases or "ideological excursions" against big business because it is big.

Since the beginning of the Eisenhower Administration through July, 1954, the courts have handed down only seventeen final anti-trust decisions. In

addition there have been fifty-eight consent and *nolo contendere* decisions, which means that so far the government has sued in 22 per cent of the seventy-five cases and agreed with the law's violators in 78 per cent. Earlier this year the head of the Anti-Trust Division argued that such a percentage was reasonable. Perhaps it was for the giants of industry who were allowed to sign the consent decrees—General Electric, Westinghouse, the A. and P., Montgomery Ward, the Aluminum Company of America, the Celanese Corporation, Servel, American Lead, and the big pencil companies. They have been able to escape conviction for their violations in return for little more than a promise to be good in the future and meanwhile can reap the rewards of their past behavior.

In March of this year the big meat-packers—Armour, Swift, Wilson, and Cudahy—who had been charged with a continuing conspiracy beginning in 1893, learned that their case had been dismissed completely without prejudice by the Department of Justice. In the preceding January the Attorney General had spoken proudly of the cases brought by the department against the big lead

producers and Panagra (Pan American World Airways and Grace Airways), but one awaits the final outcome with misgivings. It should surprise no one that the action brought against duPont-General Motors-U. S. Rubber, as in the earlier cases of the A. and P., the meat-packers, the investment bankers, and others, failed to bring divorcement, divestiture, or dissolution, the court declaring the government had failed to prove its case. Mr. Brownell has promised the scalps of the "hard-core" violators, but these do not seem to include the big fellows.

PERHAPS a new anti-trust policy is in the making. At any rate, in July, 1953, Mr. Brownell announced the appointment of Judge Stanley N. Barnes, head of the Anti-Trust Division, and Professor S. Chesterfield Oppenheim, of the University of Michigan Law School, as co-chairmen of his National Committee to Study the Anti-Trust Laws. Although this committee has some sixty members, important policy decisions will be made by a select few. Their report is due in the near future.

Perhaps a clue to their probable recommendations can be gleaned from Pro-

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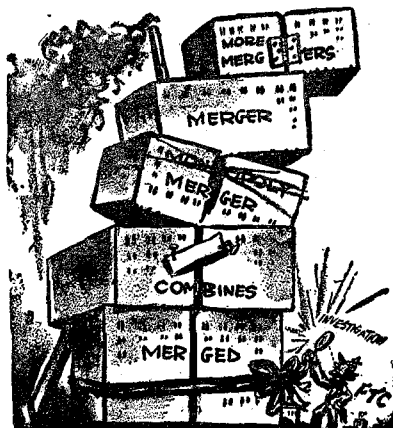
fessor Oppenheim's monumental work, "Federal Anti-Trust Legislation," in which he suggests that the rule of reason be substituted for what is called *per se* doctrine, under which certain acts are by their very nature considered illegal. The rule of reason says that a violation of the law is permissible under certain circumstances or if the violation is not very extensive. The *per se* rule says all violations are illegal.

The justification offered for a return to the rule of reason is that at present there is a great deal of uncertainty about anti-trust procedures. William Howard Taft, however, refused to adopt the rule of reason because it would make him "set sail on a sea of doubt." He felt that as federal judge he could not assume the power of saying "how much restraint of competition is in the public interest and how much is not." He wisely commented that "the manifest danger in the administration of justice according to so shifting, vague, and indeterminate a standard would seem to be a strong reason against adopting it." Since then the courts, upholding the *per se* doctrine, have held clearly that price-fixing agreements, whether good or bad, are illegal, that the Sherman Act does not condone good trusts and condemn bad ones but forbids all trusts.

Pertinent to the attempt to substitute a rule of reasonable business men for a *per se* rule of law is the much earlier statement of Chief Justice White, who when asked what the rule meant replied that "it is what a reasonable man would think reasonable." By that standard, competition would no longer serve as a regulator of the economy. Prices could be fixed by big business, provided of course the prices were "reasonable." Like the German cartel law of 1923, the rule of reason would be an instrument, not for "workable competition," as is claimed, but for workable monopoly.

AT THE heart of this "workable competition" concept is the belief that a big economy with a big technology requires big business if it is to function efficiently. Yet in certain industry studies made recently the theory of big business's efficiency has not fared too well. The United States Tariff Commission found that the largest of the oil companies, Standard Oil of New Jersey, definitely did not have the lowest cost of produc-

tion in the industry. The F. T. C., in a study of mixed fertilizer and superphosphate companies, found that the cost of production for those with gross sales of over \$10,000,000 was \$16.41 a ton for mixed fertilizer and \$8.30 for superphosphates, while it was \$15.96



Walt Partymiller in the York (Pa.)
Gazette and Daily

Should Be Interesting!

and \$8.12, respectively, for those with gross sales of around \$1,000,000. In a Bureau of Mines study of forty-five cement companies the cost of production was found to range from \$.91 to \$2.17 per barrel. For the most efficient of the three largest firms the figure was \$1.18, and no matter what type of averaging was used the largest firms were nowhere near the most economical producers. Further evidence that size does not make for efficiency is found in the tendency of the giants to build comparatively small new plants. This is the present practice of General Electric, General Motors, duPont, U. S. Rubber, Aluminum, Philco, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, and U. S. Steel. Contrary to what the Administration apparently believes, giant size is not a twentieth-century necessity or a product of modern technology. It is a product of industrial feudalism and lax anti-trust enforcement.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brownell intends to attack giant business empires only if they have "abused" their monopoly. This theory of abuse fails to recognize that when a dominant position in the market is acquired, restraint of trade necessarily follows. Thomas Nixon Carver likened this to the growth of a common house cat to the size of a tiger. The argument that its nature had not changed would not impress the family who must live with the beast. In the business world giant size is a clear warn-

ing to others not to compete. Unless our market structure of a few dominating giants is changed, monopolistic practices will continue. This is the real objection to "no attack on size alone."

And what of the "hard-core violators"? Have they been prosecuted? According to the evidence, it is not the giant concerns which have suffered under this dictum. Fines totaling \$9,000 were imposed on the Louisiana Fruit and Vegetable Producers' Union, Local 312 (A. F. of L.), in April of this year. Put this against the fines imposed on corporations in recent years. In a thirteen-year period General Motors, which grossed over ten billion dollars in 1953, was fined five times in anti-trust cases for an aggregate sum of only \$11,000. DuPont was fined \$5,000 in 1943, \$7,500 in 1944, and \$5,000 in 1945. More recently American Can was fined \$5,000, American Tobacco \$15,000, A. and P. \$10,000, Kroger \$5,000, Standard Oil of New Jersey \$5,000. Such fines mean nothing to big business, which regards them as hardly more than a hunting-license fee. And why was the little Louisiana local given a fine that broke its back? For fixing the price of strawberries!

WITHOUT realizing it Mr. Brownell and company are seriously endangering American capitalism. One is reminded of the words of Eric Johnston, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce: "British voters had to make a choice between monopoly and cartels versus nationalization. Monopoly has been the great curse of British industry for many years. Like upper-crust titles, it was handed down from father to son, permeating every phase of industry. That is why I say that European business men must bear the lion's share [of the blame] for socialism's sweep over Europe. Capitalism did not fail. The business men failed capitalism."

While there is yet time the Department of Justice should issue a clear policy statement upholding the *per se* principle instead of the rule of reason and promising to seek dissolution of the giants instead of consent decrees. The choice between competitive capitalism and monopoly capitalism must be made. The reaction to creeping concentration of industry is socialism. Which way do we go, Mr. Brownell?

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
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Johnson City, Tennessee

December 25, 1954

BOOKS

Lists of books selected by Nation reviewers and editors as the most interesting published in 1954 are presented on the following pages as a guide to Christmas buying. Other lists have appeared in the preceding two issues.

Troglodyte, Genus Tejana

HUGH ROY CULLEN. A Story of American Opportunity. By Ed Kilman and Theon Wright. Prentice-Hall. \$4.

By Stanley Walker

THERE is a distressing, progressively dangerous ailment in Texas which has been named Cullen's Syndrome, after the subject of this book. Its concurrent symptoms are these:

The patient is almost always an oil man, not a cotton man or a banker or a cowman or a merchant.

He believes his riches were in no way the result of luck but of his own foresight, courage, and initiative—all made possible by the American Way of Life.

He thinks one way of showing his appreciation for America is to chip in with like-minded patriots and buy Joe McCarthy an automobile.

Although he may never have got as far as high school, he is an authority on textbooks, the tariff, winning football formations, the Constitution, geophysics, currency inflation, and how to get rid of warts.

He is fond of writing letters to office-holders and potential office-holders advising and/or threatening them about the course they should follow.

Given half a chance, he will, out of his accumulated wisdom, drop homilies, maxims, aphorisms, texts, proverbs, and parables for the benefit of his fellow-man, whom he professes to love dearly.

There are other signs, but the foregoing make Cullen's Syndrome easily recognizable even to a layman. The real causes of the ailment are mysterious, buried deep in the inscrutable foggy brushland of the human psyche; there is no known cure, and the end is death.

Hugh Roy Cullen, the Texas oil millionaire and philanthropist, occupies a position, politically and economically, a little bit to the left of the late "Divine

Right" Baer of Pennsylvania and a little to the right of his favorite statesman, Joe Martin of Massachusetts. He is often a source of embarrassment to us old-fashioned, traditional right-wingers—that is, those who are well-informed, well-meaning, but not very well-heeled. Thus we find him mighty handy if he's with us during a campaign, but the rest of the time we are inclined to smile and look the other way.

Mr. Cullen has a great many excellent points: from his own viewpoint there is nothing ridiculous, or arrogant, or unreasonable, or out of order in anything he has done or said. His benefactions to hospitals and schools have been tremendous—they may add up to almost a quarter of a billion dollars. He has a great deal of courage and probably is the sort of man who would have guts even if he didn't have a cent. He takes a drink, and he is not sanctimonious. He is proud of his family. His word is good. He had the sense and the innate decency in 1952 to recognize for what it was the attempt of the Taft forces to steal the Texas delegation to the Republican National Convention; his fight

against this shabby trick helped put Eisenhower in the White House.

The man has solid qualities, good qualities; he is, in addition, a fine-looking old boy. This book, a masterpiece of adulation, will do him little good. The report was printed the other day that Mr. Cullen is distributing 70,000 copies to libraries and newspapers. They might as well be used as fill to stop erosion in Texas gullies. From reading this book, one might think the only mistake Mr. Cullen ever made was long ago when he failed to lease the Ira Yates ranch for fifteen cents an acre; he would have been just twice as rich if he had leased it. The man is worth an intelligent, critical, full study; this job is too obviously authorized. It omits much—including Cullen's crack about his being tired of having Houston run "by Jesse Jones and a bunch of New York Jews"—which would have made the old boy a better-rounded figure and a little less of a bayou saint.

Don't get us wrong: Mr. Cullen is not a bad man, and it is an awful thing to say, as one critic did, that he represents "ignorance on the march." He made his money honestly. He wants to spend it as he pleases and not be told how. When he is trapped by some preacher—they always want dough from Cullen—into joining in prayer, he does his praying standing up. He's not going to bend a knee even to the Lord God Almighty. The man has something. And, as noted, we'll be cuddling up to him when campaign time comes around.

"Sound of Laughter"

QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. \$3.50.

By Jacob Korg

UNLIKE most miscellanies of chips and shavings from writers' workshops swept into posthumous volumes by sedulous editors, this collection of Dylan Thomas's prose has a distinct entertainment value of its own. The short pieces it contains, most of them written as radio talks for the B. B. C., are the work of a man who loved humor, people, and bars and hated affectation. They are not easily associated with the visionary poetry which is

Thomas's greatest work, for he was a poet who looked for a decisive change of scene when he went off duty. In this prescription for comic writing he says a great deal about himself: "I want, without boisterous backslapping, without the hail-fellow guffaw of the tweedy pipe-sucking tankard-quaffing professional literary comedian, without nudge and twitter, without the reedy neigh of the reviewer, I want laughter in books: the sight, and smell, and *sound* of laughter."

Nothing in Thomas's poetry suggests the gusto and uproarious wicked fun of "Quite Early One Morning," which has more in common with "Under Milk

STANLEY WALKER is a Texas rancher and free-lance writer.

Jacob Korg

The Golden Horizon. Edited by Cyril Connolly. British Book Center. \$5.50.

The Identity of Yeats. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$6.

Under Milk Wood. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. \$3.

The Emperor's Clothes. By Kathleen Nott. Indiana. \$4.

Turgenev. By David Magarshack. Grove Press. \$6.

George Herbert: His Religion and Art. By Joseph H. Summers. Harvard. \$4.25.

The Burning Fountain. By Philip Wheelwright. Indiana. \$6.

Wood" than anything else he wrote. While his poetry is about inner experience and the few landscapes and characters which become, in his treatment of them, aspects of that experience, Thomas's prose deals with the most tangible and dizzying sensations of the external world. The two spheres seemed equally real to him, for in each of them he found and communicated something genuine.

The first part of "Quite Early One Morning" consists of a number of sketches celebrating the theme of Everybody's Childhood. In them Thomas describes the scenes of his Welsh boyhood in rollicking, rambunctious prose that somersaults along, throwing off bravura sound effects and delightfully venturesome similes calculated to stop the reader dead in his tracks. With unsparing perception Thomas recalls the noises, tastes, and smells of city streets, the tangled squalor of summer beaches, and the feverish glamour of carnivals. The result is a classic realization of the cats, sand castles, sweet treats, and uncles' waistcoats that form the overwhelming world of a child's experiences. Often the exciting bric-à-brac of daily life is heaped together into untidy catalogues, as though Thomas's appetite for details were too fierce to allow him to stop to put them in order. In his description of the visitors to the 1951 Festival Exhibition he lists "men with their deer-stalker caps tied with rope to their lapels, who carry dried nut sandwiches and little containers of yoghurt in hairy green knapsacks labeled 'glass with care'; fat, flustered women in as many layers of coats as an onion or a cab-

driver, hunting in a fever through fifty fluffed pockets to find a lost packet of birdseed they are going to give to the parrots who are not there; old scaly sneezing men, born of lizards in a snuffbin, who read, wherever they go, from books in tiny print, and who never look up."

As a magnificent reader of poetry Thomas used to read and comment on the work of well-known poets over the B. B. C., and the talks published here show him to have been a reverent and sympathetic critic. He was especially attracted to men who, like Wilfred Owen or Sir Philip Sidney, showed themselves to be humanitarians in their writings or actions.

His attitude toward his contemporaries was another matter. Thomas hated the business of being a poet—although he carried on the trade briskly for a

time himself—and in some of these essays he satirizes the commercial aspect of literature with murderous effect. In his accounts of his own reading tour in America and the hypothetical careers of two typical British poets he surveys his field with the visual acuity and blood-lust of a bird of prey. Great satire is seldom achieved, because it requires a mixture of passion, intelligence, and humor, qualities which tend to cancel each other out. But as his sketch *How to Be a Poet* shows, Thomas had all of them; he hated vigorously, but his hatred did not dim his perception of mannerisms and affectations; and although he felt deeply, he did not allow his feeling to dull the edges of his wit.

JACOB KORG is a member of the English Department of the City College of New York.

McCarthy Carved to Taste

JOE MUST GO. By Leroy Gore. Julian Messner. \$2.95.

TRIAL BY TELEVISION. By Michael Straight. The Beacon Press. \$3.50.

MCCARTHY AND THE COMMUNISTS. By James Rorty and Moshe Decter. The Beacon Press. \$2 cloth, \$1 paper.

By Dan Gillmor

THE more carnivorous of the reading public may now select their McCarthy fare according to preference—rare, medium, or well-done. In that order we have the recent books of Leroy Gore, editor of the *Sauk City* (Wisconsin) *Star*; Michael Straight, editor of the *New Republic*; and collaborators James Rorty, a free lance, and Moshe Decter, a political scientist. All four authors have a mordant, a consuming interest in the gentleman from Wisconsin.

Mr. Gore's book is, pure and simple, the account of the Wisconsin movement to recall the state's noisy junior Senator. Although more than 400,000 angry signatures were obtained, the number of legal petitioners fell short by some tens of thousands of the number required within a sixty-day period. Mr. Gore

DAN GILLMOR is the author of "Fear, the Accuser."

promises another attempt, now that the reduced voting in a non-Presidential-election year has lowered the proportional requirement.

The story of the first effort is told light-heartedly but interestingly. The *Sauk City* editor is untroubled by either the complexities of party politics or the demands of scholarship. To him the Senator is a disgrace to Wisconsin and Washington, a political hoodlum, a bar

Keith Hutchison

The American President. By Sidney Hyman. Harper. \$4.

The Founding Fathers. By Nathan Schachner. Putnam's. \$6.

U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition. By Bruce Catton. Little, Brown. \$3.

The Reason Why. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. McGraw-Hill. \$4.

Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West. By Wallace Stegner. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.

Melbourne. By Lord David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.

The Hedgehog and the Fox. By Isaiah Berlin. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

Bhowani Junction. By John Masters. Viking. \$3.75.

My Diary, North and South. By William Howard Russell. Edited by Fletcher Pratt. Harper. \$4.

Mark Gayn

The Prophet Armed: Trotsky. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. \$6.

The Interregnum. Volume IV of "A History of Soviet Russia." By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. \$5.

Art Under a Dictatorship. By Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt. Oxford. \$5.50.

The Struggle for Indo-China. By Ellen J. Hammer. Stanford. \$5.

Call to Greatness. By Adlai Stevenson. Harper. \$2.25.

The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes. Volume II. The Inside Struggle. Simon and Schuster. \$6.

Seduction of the Innocent. By Fredric Wertham. Rinehart. \$4.

The Second Tree from the Corner. By E. B. White. Harper. \$3.

—if not sinister, much worse—on the honorable Republican coat of arms.

From Michael Straight's account of the army-McCarthy televised dog fight the Senator emerges no more and no less scarred than from the hearings themselves. Other participants appear hardly more presentable. To the mere words of testimony preserved in Congressional transcripts are added the all-important sights and sounds: the bland moon-face of Francis Carr; the patent-medicine voice of Senator Dirksen; Joseph Welch, Boston's elegant, forensic Peter Pan; the baffled obsequiousness of Secretary of the Army Stevens. Mr. Straight evidently admires Senator McClellan and, to a lesser extent, Senators Jackson and Symington, but even they are mirrored as in the original electronic version. Historians will be grateful to Mr. Straight. Into the dull words of the official transcripts he has blown the breath of what passes for life in Washington. The image projected is one of bully and bluster on one side, of a worm that had turned but was withal a worm on the other.

The Rorty-Decter opus is tough, remorseless, brilliant dissection. It is beyond a doubt the most thoroughly documented examination of the McCarthy record available, better even than the excellent special issue of the *Progressive*, from which, I suppose, no little material was adapted. Like Messrs. Straight and Gore, the authors see Senator McCarthy as a threat to conservatism. "Unprincipled, unscrupulous political ambition perverts the purposes of a conservative

political system because it undermines the restraints imposed by that system," they write, using their own emphasis. "In this sense, Senator McCarthy is a radical rather than a conservative, for he poses a threat to the conservative legal and moral values of our society."

Fundamentally, however, their quarrel with the Senator seems to be that he is a barrier to a united American red hunt. The "real issue," they proclaim in the concluding chapter, is "how to combat communism responsibly." Responsibility in this respect somehow fails to restrain them from regfinding some of McCarthyism's favorite grist: "Fellow-travelers and Communist-fronters," for instance, are among those righteously abhorred and condemned. Although these heretics are abjured without benefit of definition, we may infer the territory intended to be covered. The conviction of Alger Hiss for perjury is presented as carrying, with the authors' approval, the implicit brand of "proven traitor to

the United States." Owen Lattimore is described as a "skilful, effective, and influential party-lining propagandist" and "a clever apologist for the Soviet Union, a faithful propagandist and follower of the party line." Numerous other former government servants are pictured as beyond the pale of "conservative restraint."

The authors do not trouble to give us, as they do in examining McCarthy, the proof of these assertions. They seem to feel documentation is less necessary here. They rely heavily and whole-heartedly, however, on the records of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, as if that body somehow were touched by the sweet light of reason and justice. The conclusion is irresistible that the authors—and the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, which sponsored the research—would like to see McCarthy eliminated so that the shade of McCarran or the Democratic *alter ego* of Jenner could carry on.

Hadrian's Rome

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS. By Marguerite Yourcenar. Translated from the French by Grace Frick. Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.

By Stanley Cooperman

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS" is historical fiction at its best. Marguerite Yourcenar has avoided the usual hack plot and romantic baubles and produced a moving and scholarly recreation of a fascinating scene and epoch—Hadrian's Rome.

Coming after Trajan's reign of military adventures, Hadrian ruled the Roman Empire as a philosopher king, reforming its political and economic structure. Under his hand the Pax Romana flowered. The very slogan of his reign, stamped on money and carved on marble, was "Humanity, Liberty, Happiness." In Miss Yourcenar's novel, however, Hadrian emerges as a much more full-bodied character than the ideal ruler envisioned by Plato. Writing in the difficult memoir form, and placing the reader directly within the mind of

Hadrian himself, the author takes us through the doubts as well as the decisions, the private jealousies and pleasures as well as the public life, of an emperor. The illusion is completely captivating; not since Robert Graves's "I, Claudius" or Thornton Wilder's "The Ides of March" has a volume of fiction reached so deeply into the blend of humanism and cruelty, decadence and power, art and economics referred to inadequately as "pagan Rome."

Miss Yourcenar recreates paganism without judging it, and many readers will find the results not altogether comfortable. Judaism and Christianity, examined entirely from Hadrian's point of view, appear as rather bloodthirsty barbarisms, hurling anathemas not so much against Roman policy, which was based on theological self-determination, as against the existence of Rome itself. But the fascination of "Hadrian's Memoirs" does not depend entirely on the impressive historical scholarship of its author. Miss Yourcenar writes beautifully as well as authoritatively, and the translation by Grace Frick is a superb performance. As a result, the novel retains much of the crystal texture, wit, and sensitivity of classic prose.

STANLEY COOPERMAN is a freelance writer specializing in criticism of modern fiction.

Art

S. Lane Faison, Jr.,

ANOTHER section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has reopened, with results which may on this occasion be hailed as magnificent. On the ground floor to the rear several period rooms have been installed, and they are connected by displays of related furniture, decorative arts, and second-line paintings which belong in period settings but do not stand out from them by force of sheer quality. This last point is worth making because of a current trend, eloquently opposed by Malraux, which holds that the value of a work of art lies in its mirroring of history alone. The "period pieces" do that much better than the major works.

Even in the field of interior decoration this difference can be observed. Thus the Louis XV alcove, superb as it is, is one of a good many such achievements; but the dining-room of Lansdowne House, designed by Robert Adam in the 1760's, is a great masterpiece which in its time altered more than it passively mirrored cultural history.

In the basement of this same part of the building what used to be storage area is now given over to the decorative arts, arranged with great taste in vitrines by series. The lighting could hardly be improved upon, and the collections themselves are princely.

Visitors to the great exhibition of Dutch painting, which is moving from the Metropolitan to Toledo, may now wish to inspect the Dutch drawings and prints in the gallery above the entrance hall, which will remain on view indefinitely. To study these as well as the paintings in a single visit would be entirely too much, and it is safe to say that they did not receive the attention they deserve. A smaller but very choice selection of pen-and-wash drawings by Rembrandt and his circle is on view at the Schaeffer Galleries (52 East Fifty-eighth Street, through Christmas).

From Rembrandt to Peter Blume may seem an unlikely transition, but Blume's ink-and-wash drawings (Durlacher Galleries, through December 24) struck me as absolute masterpieces. Some of the

smallest, involving a few vertical and horizontal lines in an extension of infinite space, belong to Rembrandt's world, though Blume does not imitate him. Others suggest Van Gogh in the complex repertory of abstract forms employed to construct a landscape. An air of fantasy is suggested without ever be-

coming merely exotic. All these landscape sketches were made during a recent sojourn in the South Seas; in one respect they impress me as Peter Blume has not impressed me before: they show the artist in strict control of his own fantastic invention. The paintings developed in part from these drawings seem dry and labored and bogged down in their own contents, and even spuriously primitive.

These are masterpieces, however, in comparison to what the Carstairs Gallery is showing across the hall (through

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December). The artist is Salvator Dali. On an earlier occasion I tried to explain why I thought his projections are artistic junk. This time I will leave out the explanations; and if there is another show in the same vein I will leave out the notice altogether. What makes this display particularly futile is the sheer waste of technical skill.

Frederick Franck (Passedoit Gallery, through January 8) is certainly no avant-garde artist, but his conservatism is hard won. He has integrity and style and range, although vitality is not his chief asset. His canvases are low-keyed, with perhaps too little play of value and tex-

ture to lift them sharply above the level of monotony. I find sensitivity here, great intelligence, and every evidence of a serious purpose. I can also imagine that inspiration was closely approached though not achieved.

Though my taste in contemporary painting runs to non-objective expression, I try not to rule out any painter on principle. Mr. Franck's principles, as expressed in the exhibition brochure, are admirable: "Yes, I believe in subject matter. Characteristically we do not say object matter. Only where we become identified with what is seen, where it becomes 'subject'—yet remains itself—it becomes fitting subject for art." In many ways Spider Web and Landscape (No. 17) provides a key to what Mr. Franck offers. The landscape is seen

through the web, and the web is, so to speak, the painter's consciousness through which nature is observed. Many Cézanne water colors have something of this effect, though it should be added that Cézanne's web is part of the texture of planes that intersect and not something described for itself.

Long study and residence in Europe have borne fruit in Franck's style. This is not the first time I have insisted that the hue and cry raised by some avant-garde American painters about being American is as illusionary as it is tiresome. Moods brought on by weather, winter tracery of trees seen as monochromatic stained glass, the slash of a white birch against the geometry of fields: these are not national matters. Franck understands them.

John Ciardi

Poems: A Selection. By Léonie Adams. Funk and Wagnalls. \$3.

Lysistrata. By Aristophanes. Translated by Dudley Fitts. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

Collected Poems: 1923-53. By Louise Bogan. Noonday Press. \$3.

Poems: 1923-1954. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace. \$6.75.

An Armada of Thirty Whales. By Daniel G. Hoffman. Yale Series of Younger Poets. \$2.50.

Songs for Eve. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius. Translated by Ezra Pound. Harvard. \$5.

Collected Poems. By James Stephens. Macmillan. \$5.

Collected Poems. By Wallace Stevens. Knopf. \$7.50.

The Desert Music. By William Carlos Williams. Random House. \$3.

Poets of Today. Three first books in one by Harry Duncan, Murray Noss, and May Swenson. Critical Introduction by John Hall Wheelock. Scribner's. \$3.50.

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Theater

Harold Clurman

ORDINARILY I would have very little to say about such a play as "The Bad Seed," Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel (Forty-sixth Street Theater). Mr. Anderson has charmingly confessed that it is a pot-boiler. (It goes without saying that a pot-boiler may prove a masterpiece, and a work of more exalted intention a dud.) The fact that Mr. Anderson has succeeded in making the pot boil would not normally stir me to prolonged comment, for "The Bad Seed" is the kind of play that rouses no enthusiasm in me—even when it is good. I take no pleasure in being harrowed to no purpose.

What makes the occasion critically special is that, beside being the first "dramatic smash" of the season, "The Bad Seed" strikes one as a play which, so to speak, makes a comment on its audience. The tale it tells is of a girl of eight who has committed a murder before the play has begun, then kills a little boy because she covets his medal for penmanship, which she had hoped to win, and finally kills the handyman who threatens to expose her. All this killing is done without the slightest tremor—the child, it appears, is congenitally without any feeling of right or wrong, though she was born of respectable and fond parents. The explanation? The

mother—unknown to herself—is the adopted daughter of an accomplished murderess of great renown. The little monster's mother attempts to do away with her daughter but fails, though she succeeds in killing herself. The bad seed will thus be perpetuated for the benefit of other melodramas.

In view of the author's usual gift for dialogue, the writing of this play must be set down as mediocre—literate television language. The characters are stereotypes; the plotting is schematic—as clear as a road map. There is a touch of comedy relief from a foolish lady who talks penny psychoanalysis all the time, and in such lines as that of an unsuspecting neighbor speaking of the little girl, "She is going to make some man very happy." There is no atmosphere or mood, and very little real suspense. Once the situation is prepared for, the play progresses evenly to its end—except for a clever device at the final curtain—till there is hardly anyone left in the cast fit to kill.

The acting is generally competent. Nancy Kelly as the mother is comely, conscientious, and at moments touching. Patty McCormack as the baby-doll is an excellent vehicle for the story that is being told through her. Evelyn Varden as the lady who spouts Freudian boners

The NATION

Van Wyck Brooks

In the Name of Sanity. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

The Literary Situation. By Malcolm Cowley. Viking. \$3.75.

The Literature of the United States. By Marcus Cunliffe. Penguin. 85 cents.

The French Revolution. By Gaetano Salvemini. Translated from the Italian by I. M. Rawson. Holt. \$5.

Seeing and Knowing. By Bernard Berenson. Macmillan. \$3.50.

The Emperor's Clothes. By Kathleen Nott. Indiana. \$4.

The Measure of Man. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50.

The Uses of the Past. By Herbert J. Muller. Mentor Books. 50 cents.

is an expert comedienne, and Eileen Heckart, as a simple inebriate woman whose little son was our heroine's victim, plays the same sob scene twice with its effectiveness showing. The direction is slick stage management; the set is as handsomely inexpressive as a department-store display of furniture.

If the play has little real quality—with practically none of the "psychological" fascination of "Angel Street" or the intriguing complications of "Dial M"—how explain its success?

It is "good theater," you may say. But

I have taken some pains to indicate that it is not at all good theater. (How one comes to detest the phrase when it is repeatedly used to praise the trivial, the sham, the hollow!) The play is as flat and cold as a plate on the shelf. It is essentially incredible and almost entirely pointless. And its emotional after-effect is virtually nil.

It is just this combination of theatrical veneer with meaningless murder which somehow gratifies the audience or flatters it into applauding what it is unashamed to think of as a "swell show." The audience is anesthetized by the standard material bequeathed by the movies, radio, television but more smoothly fabricated here, and then hypnotized as by a snake's eye by the inflamed spot of senseless killing in the midst of it all, a spot which in the circumstances has been made decorative.

In a way the play communicates no horror. The idea of murder with little motive or meaning, murder as an undecipherable X or as a sheer token of human irrationality and misconduct, murder that is abstracted from all reality, has been converted into something reassuring, almost sedative.

So I came from the theater trembling, not because of the play—which, for my part, you can take or leave according to your disposition—but for the audience.

Films

Robert Hatch

THE GAME OF LOVE" is a French picture made from Colette's novel "Le Blé en Herbe," and directed by Claude Autant-Lara. Its theme is first love, and its merit is that it treats this theme—a great favorite among jokesters and sentimentalists—frankly, compassionately, and with respect.

The story centers upon a boy and a girl in their late teens and a woman in her late thirties. What occurs among these three during a few summer days at the seashore is going to shock some people, who will claim to be outraged by the events but who will really be offended because no one is punished for them. The picture is sad but not tragic—just the sadness of growing and learning. The cold cynicism of the English

title is all wrong—the children and the woman come through their adventure safely precisely because they all understand that love is no game.

Colette's plot is exceedingly thin ice for the screen; it could easily have become lurid or ridiculous. Autant-Lara succeeds with it because he treats the events without comment or the slightest leering evasion. The tone he sets is quite matter-of-fact; romantic only in that lovers are not often so generous and so lucky as the people of this tale.

The actors follow Autant-Lara's lead with remarkable perspicacity and taste. Edwige Feuillère, who plays the older woman, has the most difficult task—she must make love to a boy without appearing either depraved or foolish. She car-

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Stanley Cooperman

The Long Ships. By Frans G. Bergtson. Translated from the Swedish by Michael Meyer. Knopf. \$4.50.

More Stories. By Frank O'Connor. Knopf. \$5.

A Fable. By William Faulkner. Random House. \$4.75.

The Goose on the Grave. By John Hawkes. New Directions. \$3.

The Blackboard Jungle. By Evan Hunter. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.

The Eternal Smile and Other Stories. By Pär Lagerkvist. Random House. \$4.50.

The Lion at Morning. By Stephen Longstreet. Simon and Schuster. \$4.95.

The Ramayana. As told by Aubrey Menen. Scribner's. \$3.50.

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Museum Pieces. By William Plomer. Noonday Press. \$3.50.

Modern Italian Short Stories. Edited by Marc Slonim. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

Hadrian's Memoirs. By Marguerite Yourcenar. Translated from the French by Grace Frick. Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.

ries it off by being both clear-headed and unrepentant; she expects to hurt herself but makes quite sure she does not hurt her partner. The young couple—playmates who become lovers—are played by Nicole Berger and Pierre-Michel Beck, who are in fact approximately the age of the characters they impersonate. The trick of directing children is to have them act themselves, since obviously they have not the experience to act anyone else. But at adolescence this becomes very difficult, because the misery of adolescence is that you do not know yourself. Consequently, one rarely sees that age well performed. These two young actors are an exception, however, for they portray really beautifully the fierce desire to understand and to be honest that characterizes the coming of age of good adults. Adolescence is the period of one's life that is most difficult to remember; "The Game of Life" is an exceptional picture because it recalls so vividly what it was like to be sixteen.

EVERY now and then, remembering that movies are an art, Hollywood turns out an arty movie. An extreme example of this cinematic toniness is "The Track

of the Cat," made by Warner Brothers from a novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Since Clark is a writer of action stories that appear regularly in the academic quarterlies, he is a natural choice for a "think" Western. What he was thinking about on this particular occasion is not revealed in the picture; but it appears to have been something baleful in the Old Testament line, and the Warners clearly want us to take the proceedings with a good deal of solemn headshaking.

"The Track of the Cat" is set on a remote mountain ranch in dead of winter and is performed by actors, including Robert Mitchum, Teresa Wright, and Beulah Bondi, who appear to be illustrating the precepts of some theater workshop in slow motion. They all look to be in need of strong black coffee. The scenery is very cold and very beautiful; every snow-and-hemlock sequence, the shots of the farm buildings in varying lights, are fussed over and "displayed" as though the camera man hoped we would take them home and hang them on the wall. At one point he gets down into a grave and shoots the obsequies from the viewpoint of the corpse. This was very modish photography twenty years ago, when the avant-garde was experimenting with bizarre angles.

The ranch family consists of three brothers—one strong but mean, one strong but spiritual, one strong but wet behind the ears—a Cassandra sister, a Bible-embittered mother, a drink-besotted father, and an ancient Indian

handyman who hears things when the first snow flies. This group, ill-fitted for solitary living on the high plateau, is all stirred up by a visiting girl in the house and a visiting mountain lion in the pasture. Ugly violence threatens and ugly words are spoken, but everyone moves so extremely adagio that only the cat and the cold do any real damage.

The picture is stuffed with allegory and allusion, but I am not going to bother with what the cat, the Indian, the cave in the high ravine, the beacon fire, or the bestiary bed quilt stand for. When a story is dead at the action level, it cannot be revived by appeal to its implications.

A MORE honest picture about cowboys in cold weather is "The Far Country," in which James Stewart conveys a parcel of eating cows from Seattle to Dawson, via Skagway, in the gold-rush days. In this tale Stewart plays that quiet dangerous man whose motto is, I take care of myself, and whose reputation for fancy shooting precedes him from one community to the next. He is a hard, selfish fellow, but in the end a gang of claim jumpers and a pair of appetizing girls (Ruth Roman and Corinne Calvert) teach him the advantages of mutual aid. This is a routine outdoor picture, but at least it goes briskly about its job of popular entertainment with no pauses for meditation and prayer. And its scenery is just an eye-filling spectacle; it doesn't try to flatten you with aesthetic hay-makers.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE Quartetto Italiano couldn't fill Town Hall for the Concert Society; but Elisabeth Schwarzkopf did. And the additional people appeared to be those who used to pack Town Hall for Lotte Lehmann's recitals, and who now come to Schwarzkopf's because *she* now puts on the sort of performances for them that Lehmann used to. Let it be understood that Schwarzkopf is, like Lehmann, a very gifted woman. She is, for one thing, a very gifted singer, with a beautiful voice and the capacity for exquisite musical phrasing; and at her re-

citals, as at Lehmann's, one is every now and then held spellbound by a piece of flawless sustained singing. She is also, like Lehmann, a singer with a gift of dramatic projection; and one is, as one was at Lehmann's recitals, often moved or charmed by that. But unfortunately these gifts, like Lehmann's, serve an inclination to ham; and Schwarzkopf's hamming—her exaggerated pouting and pertness and archness, her gasps and whispers—all this delights her audience as Lehmann's used to. Exaggeration means lack of a controlling sense of

measure, fitness—what is summed up in the word taste; and Schwarzkopf is capable of lapses of taste even worse than Lehmann's—for example, her singing and miming of "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," at this recent Hugo Wolf recital, in the style of Marlene Dietrich for the patrons of "Der blaue Engel," which especially delighted the people who filled Town Hall.

Schwarzkopf's program included a number of the Wolf songs that are remarkable in their relation to the poems—the way the words are placed for verbal articulation and emphasis in the musical progression, and the way this progression follows and points up every turn of meaning and emotion—and a number of the ones in which the progression is in addition a moving or attractive piece of music. The songs that Hans Hotter sings in his Wolf recital on Angel 35057—the final Michelangelo songs; the "Cophtisches Lied" 1 and 2, "Grenzen der Menschheit," "Prometheus," and three "Harfenspieler" songs to poems of Goethe; and "Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen"—are almost all of the first kind. But the record is worth having for the vocal beauty and expressive point of Hotter's performances with Gerald Moore at the piano. Angel provides the German texts that are so important with these songs, but with errors that a little care could prevent; and English translations in verse that seem to me the wrong thing for the purpose: with music that follows the sense of the German words so closely what the listener wants is a literal prose translation without any literary pretensions that follows them just as closely, not verse that often has to depart widely from the German.

One of Schubert's great song-cycles, "Die schöne Müllerin," is on London LL-971, sung very beautifully by the tenor Anton Dermota with Hilde Dermota at the piano. The recorded sound needs a lot of additional bass to give the piano its proper resonant fullness and sufficient volume in relation to the voice. Neither German nor English texts are provided.

Listening to "The Art of Roland Hayes" on Vanguard 448/9 one is surprised at first by how much of that art has survived; but that is because Hayes is singing old Italian and French songs which call for the moderate volume that

the microphone helps him to produce agreeably. When he comes to the later songs that require intensity of feeling and voice, one hears him strain to produce sounds that are painful to hear. It is a great pity that there are no recordings of his singing thirty years ago.

Benjamin Britten's resourcefulness achieves imaginative and attractive settings of the folksongs on London LD-9136; and the performances by the tenor Peter Pears with Britten at the piano are very effective.

What I think of as characteristic of Victoria's music and distinguishing it from the liturgical polyphony of his contemporaries is a somber intensity and power. I think of it as characteristic even though it doesn't appear equally in all his works: I hear little of it in the "Tantum ergo" on Lyrichord 52, a record devoted to fifteenth- and sixteenth-century motets; more in the "Vere languoris." Another powerful piece by a composer hitherto unknown to me is the "Tenebrae factae sunt" of Marc Antonio Ingegneri; an outstanding Palestrina piece is the "Super flumina Babylonis"; and the record offers other fine pieces in various styles by Dufay, Josquin, Dunstable, Byrd, and others, sung well by the Welch Chorale.

Two magnificent examples of the writing of Victoria with that somber intensity and power, the Responsories "O vos omnes" and "Tenebrae factae sunt," are sung superbly by the Quartetto Polifonico on London LL-995, a record devoted to choral music of the thirteenth to sixteenth centuries, which offers a number of other fine pieces: several Laudi, and several beautiful works by Palestrina, including an Improperia et Hymnus in a style quite different from the one we usually hear.

Lovely vocal polyphony is to be heard in the madrigals of Monteverdi that are sung agreeably by the Roger Wagner Madrigal Singers on Lyrichord 43.

It turns out that it was Hugues Cuenod's extraordinary voice and phrasing in the performances on Allegro 91 that gave Couperin's First Tenebrae Service and his Motet "Audite omnes" the overwhelming effect they had for me. I have learned this by listening to the three Tenebrae Services and "Audite omnes" as they are sung on Haydn Society 105 by Nadine Sautereau, a sharp-voiced soprano, and Janine Collard, a more

agreeable-sounding contralto, and finding them lacking the impressiveness they still have when I listen again to Cuenod.

Stravinsky's "Les Noces" was an effective sound-track for Nijinska's wonderful ballet; but I find it uninteresting to listen to by and for itself. Vox 8630 offers a good performance by Margaret Hillis's Concert Choir with vocal soloists and a group of pianists and percussionists; Vanguard 452 another good one in which Rossi conducts the Vienna Chamber Choir and other Viennese musicians. I would choose the Vanguard performance because it uses the Russian words, whose sound should be retained, it seems to me, in music which uses the voices like instruments. The Vanguard record offers also "L'Histoire d'un soldat," performed by Tomasow and members of the Vienna State Opera Orchestra; the Vox record offers the Mass and the Motets "Pater noster" and "Ave Maria"—all pieces I don't care for.

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FREDA KIRCHWEY,
Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1954.
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Letters

Good-Will Toward Man

Dear Sirs: I am hunting this year for a new type of Christmas card, one suited to the era, in which the concept of "good-will toward man" is adjusted to A.D. 1954. I can recall when hearing the words "good-will toward man" read or sung brought a genuine sense of common humanity, and political differences were buried under an overriding swell of human kindness. But that was a long time ago.

Again this year Christmas cards will bear the traditional messages of good-will. But if they were honest, most of them would carry the qualification: "Good-will toward all but Communists, fellow-travelers, front members, anti-anti-Communists, intellectual fellow-travelers, intellectuals, pseudo-liberals, so-called liberals, and liberals." Liberals themselves, on the other hand, perhaps equally embittered, might counter with "Good-will to all but the foes on the right and the potential destroyers of democracy and freedom."

Los Angeles

JEANNE RIHA

He Spoke for Millions

Dear Sirs: Thank you and D. F. Fleming for the article in *The Nation* of November 27 on Ways to Coexist. It is an article of a sincere and honest man, and expresses the yearnings of thousands of millions of people all over the world for life, peace, and security. I hope the national policy-makers and the men who are in power read it.

Minneapolis

PHILIP SHELLEY

Save the Forests!

Dear Sirs: Your "Giveaway" issue of October 2 was a real contribution to public understanding of the current Administration's decision to hand over our natural resources to a few giant corporations. Yet one important point about the national forests established by Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt went untold.

As early as 1947 Bernard DeVoto and the Izaak Walton League began to expose the efforts of a small group of stockmen and lumbermen to establish private rights in this public domain. Until the Eighty-third Congress these got nowhere, but a measure to accomplish this objective, introduced by Senator Barrett of Wyoming, was included in the 1952 G. O. P. platform.

This bill was stopped in committee. Then Representative Ellsworth of Oregon introduced another bill giving giant timber companies the right to swap stump-land in reservoir areas for federal timber in the national parks and forests. This

vicious measure was beaten in the House by a thumping vote. Finally a revised cattlemen's land-grab bill was dressed up in conservation language and stuck in as a last-minute rider on the Administration's farm bill in the Senate; the House committee had bottled it up. In spite of the President's plea, it was thrown out by the joint conference committee.

A valiant little band of conservationists formed the Emergency Committee on Resources early in 1953. This group of idealists stood off their well-oiled opponents at every draw. Their story was simply that the national forests belong to all the people and should not be transferred to a few thousand stockmen. And it worked!

Though we should have liked more help from the city-oriented liberal and labor movements at the time, those of us who fought the battle know that the preservation of 190,000,000 acres of national forest will benefit our whole citizenry. It has been saved for a time, but the pressures are stronger than ever, and we would welcome allies among all liberal-minded people for the next fight.

CHARLES H. STODDARD,

Executive Director,

Washington Forest Conservation Society

What DO They Want?

Dear Sirs: It is a shock to find in *The Nation*, of all places, a book review [of Lesley Blanch's "The Wilder Shores of Love" in the issue of November 6] which refers sneeringly to "women's fight for suffrage and careers" as contrasted with their "fulfilment as women." Apparently the reviewer, Bennett Epstein, admires the lady who became the Sultan's favorite but has only scorn and pity for the one whose life became "complicated and diverted by twentieth-century misconceptions of what women really want." "What women really want" is to be free human beings with equal opportunities for development of their human potentialities. After that it was not surprising to find Mr. Epstein so imperceptive of the true thesis of Lesley Blanch's study that he could utter the bland condescension of, "Interestingly enough, the author herself is a career woman."

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD
San Francisco

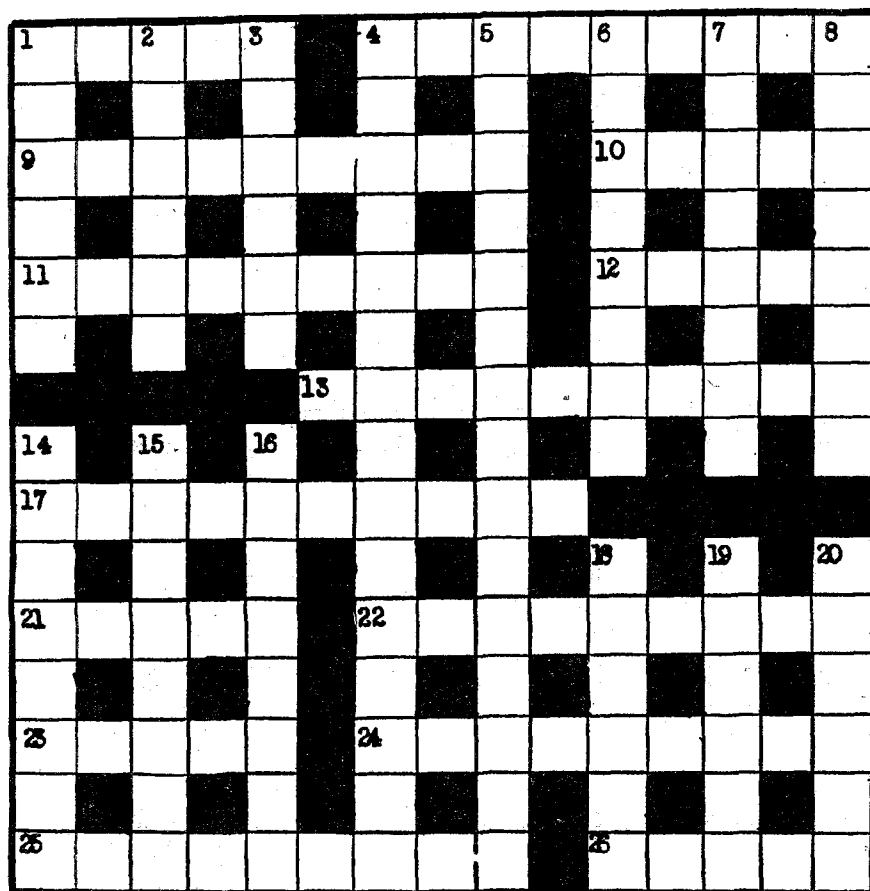
Must Reading

Dear Sirs: Day of the Dictator by J. Alvarez del Vayo in the November 13 issue of *The Nation* is must reading for every liberal-minded person in the United States. Copies of the article should be distributed, especially to the people in Washington.

H. DAVID ACKERMAN
Buffalo

Crossword Puzzle No. 599

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Sound heard in the fall a quarter of a century ago? (5)
- 4 Make the extra players sweat? (9)
- 9 Made less excited by the draft? (3-6)
- 10 Plane found on 4 across. (5)
- 11 Sweet and endearing? (9)
- 12 Blade secured by wire. (5)
- 13 Poker debt secret, in a pains-taking way? (10)
- 17 Raged, and no persecution involved. (10)
- 21 What happened when Theodore dropped the T.N.T.? (5)
- 22 Could it be a rein to contribute to habit? (9)
- 23 Just a practical lesson. (5)
- 24 Sounds like the Age of Chivalry should have been dark. (9)
- 25 See 6 down.
- 26 Reputedly descriptive of *Castor*, if you make the answer agree in a way. (5)

DOWN

- 1 See 19 down.
- 2 A desire for wealth, it's conceded. (6)
- 3 Does it suggest smoke and water? (6)
- 4 Were Jack and Jill so nobly motivated? (4-11)

- 5 Not a Communist-dominated confederacy uncovered by a detective! (3-6, 6)
- 6 and 25 across. Telephone directory, and light, too! (4, 4, 3, 6)
- 7 Writes, perhaps, but not about shattered lives. (8)
- 8 Do they represent the rest of the year? (8)
- 14 For any maid, a weakness. (8)
- 15 Well now, liable to be in when caught! (8)
- 16 Lamb on tether, like Lear's daughter? (8)
- 18 Wither and bend out of shape. (6)
- 19 and 1 down. Getting shocked, or just being bossy? (6, 6)
- 20 Invest superficially. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 598

ACROSS:—1 GARDEN PLOT; 6 OHIS; 10 VANILLA; 11 FOOTAGE; 12 KEYNOTER; 15 HOURS; 17 and 27 CIGARETTE LIGHTER; 19 LITERALLY; 21 and 25 ROUNDABOUT; 23 STILT; 24 GALVANIC; 28 DROP OFF; 29 RARE; 30 FIRST TENOR.

DOWN:—1 GIVE; 2 RONDEAU; 3 ELLEN; 4 and 13 PRACTICAL JOKER; 5 OFFER; 7 BLANKET; 8 SPEARHEADS; 9 CONJURER; 14 WHOLESALER; 16 IRRITATE; 18 GAY BLADES; 20 TRIGGER; 22 UNICORN; 24 GORKI; 26 AFAR.

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